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Letter from Anne Whitney, Shelburne, New Hampshire, to Catharine Brown Porter, 1895 September 22

Anne Whitney

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Shelburne N.H. Sept. 22. 1895

I thank the good Katherine very
heartily for her cheering letter - now
if I understand. she has gone west
and you my dear are feeling better
and poor - Miss Damon ^{is} ill and
Marianne away. Truly things might
be better arranged. As far as one can
see - But then you are relieved -
which goes far to make amends.
Bless the luck who know how
to help you!

This is the third day - & if it
began on Thursday as some say. The
fourth of scorching, overpowering heat.
Has never the like known in this
valley - at this season. True all over
the mountains respond in color
so violent - the eye can scarcely endure
it - if all should burst into actual
flame it - would seem only natural
and even inevitable. This is what

your own - with love of Shelburne - & always yours -

most excited apprehensions
among the hills - where as here
the woods sweep down * our houses.
In the olden days New Hampshire
had a plural reputation that the
burnt-out cit could rely on - The
rivulets seemed always to be running
here & the mists gathering over the mountains
& sudden showers danced round out
from the hollows & snow belimed one
just like laughing brooms. Well
these clouds are not wanting now -
oceans of water pass overhead - on
what sky affairs we know not - They
seem not to have any relation to our
story is science so backward in
understanding these conditions which govern
rainfall? And so relegate it - all
to Mumbo Jumbo? Such are among
the pleasant questions that the non-
searchers & nobodies may ask to
their hearts content. The mercury
at earliest inquiring this morning was
77. Last night we all slept with

all windows wide - under a single
linen (cotton-linen) cover - the first &
only time this season. (I thought I
was singing just now upon another
theme - but forgive me - this I find
is not exhausted) - Butterflies abound
& wasps - but the birds are quiet
pondering apparently whether insects
which turn them southerly & the season
are not at Loggerheads.

We read ^{with forced smiles} in the papers that you
abound in cloud-bursts & water sports
or something as refreshing. A Knap
on - do - & prosper & satisfying water
to this hot & thirsty Phebus who is
draining our rivers & springs in a way
to wilt the cockles of your heart.

Today & I have been sitting
on the north-east corner of the
Piazza reading Cecilia de Soul
again - What a deluge of books
there must be that this exigence
along should become submerged? It
is vain to find anybody who knows
it, another book which I have

read "from title - page to closing
line" is Somerset's "Land of the
Muskogee". It has an unusual
brave - charm - written by a boy
of 19 - a lad who seems worthy
of the mother that him bore.
Another book is "Effort & evolution"
by one Kelly. Very thoughtful &
suggestive at least - however in all
points one may not agree with him.
Another Capital story is Gouin's
short - Hist. of Eng. made up of 4
large vol's. We have just finished
the vol. which gives the narrative
of the parliaments in Eng. The power &
condense historical events & ^{style} preserve
continuity & keep in the drift of
development seems to me a very great
one. Side issues & all manner of
intrusions beset the feet of the story.
teller till his ~~force~~ ebbs away ⁱⁿ interest or
shallows - can no longer hold the memory
of the listener.

We are expecting to return to the
Charlestown next Sat. When thereafter we shall
look to see you before long - my dear - in renewed
physical force - I am Lambert W. I am
most sorry for Miss Samson's affliction - & especially

am I sympathetic knowing a little of late what rheumatism is -

am I sympathetic knowing a little of late what rheumatism is -
Yours own - with love of Arthur - & always yours -